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SEX-GUN HEROEM

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SIX-GUN HEROES







N A FEW MINUTES THE



WITH A ROAR, THE DIVERTED WA-









SIX-GUN HEROES SING THE REED TO BREATHE LY FORWARD, COMPLETELY HIDDEN LET'S HOPE THE WATER PRESSURE'S STRONG ENOUGH! GIVE IT HERE! GREEPING SILENTLY UP THE BANK STEPS, THE SECRET MARSHAL FLUNG OPEN THE DOOR AND ... SHE IS, ROCKY ... CMLY A FEW TE FEET LEFT! SHERIPP SAYS IS HOCKED UP ... THAT ROCKY LANE TURN IT ON



THAT HOSE

































SIX-GUN HEROES AS TEX LEAVES BELLE'S OFFICE, HE IS PREOCCUPIED WITH HIS THOUSHTS, AND FAILS TO NOTICE THE OWNER OF A PAIR OF BEADY EYES, WATCHING HIS EVERY























TWO GUN TOMMY TURNER



glory as he repected his well memorized speech to the crowd standing before him.

"Just come a little closer folks. You are going to witness the finest shooting the world has ever seen. That famous killer, Two Gun Tommy, will demonstrate his remarkable obility in handling those weapons invented by the late Mr. Colt. I present to you, the man who can accomplish miracles with his guns."

A young men dressed in a dark black shirt, with large peorl buttons running down the front of fit, gray chaps, and two white gun, belts stepped onto a small stage. He removed a stetion from the head which he placed on the table. Twelve day pipes were on two rocks.

"Watch what is going to happen but don't be careed, folks," continued the borker. "In just one second he is going to turn oround and blast those pipes. And not a miss. No sir, Two Gun Tommy never misses."

The young map, with flothning speed went

for those guns in his holsters. He fired every round and smashed the heads of all the pipes. "Now for the price of twenty five cents, in good American coins, you can go inside this tent and watch how Indians go on the war path. Watch our fiero resuce the damset just

path. Watch our hero rescue the damsel just in time. The show of a lifetime, folks. Don't miss it."

The crowd eagerly paid their money to enter the tent. A middle aged man, well dressed

ter the tent. A middle aged man, well dressed went up to Two Gun Tommy.
"I am John Campbell. Any place we can talk in private?"

The young man got off the stage and motioned to the middle aged man to follow him. They entered a small wagon fitted up with some chairs and a desk.
"Make yourself comfortable." said Tommy Turner, "I got your letter, mister, and the money you sent to me. Now let's get right down to facts. I'm not tied by any contract I can leave this carnival to-norrow. Just what how you got to offer?"

"I am moyer of one of the worst towns in in the West," began John Campbell, "Tarnon in the West," began John Campbell, "Tarnon in the West," began John Campbell, "Tarnon officer has been able to last there for even or west, Trank Stroogin, owner of the Middle west, and the West, an

thousand dollars if you clean up the town."

Tommy Turner whistled as he listened to the offer. Then o big broad smile appeared on his

"You don't even know if I can a ride a horse, But, I'll tell you what I'll do. Give me two weeks' salary right now and I'll leave with you in the marning."

The stage coach to Larson Creek had only two passengers: the mayor and the new sher-fif, who was already wearing his badge of office as he stepped down from the coach. Frank Strongin was in his office when the news was brought to him by Pete Mebel.

"The welcoming committee is out there greating the new law guy. Joseph Girord of the Bor Q ranch and his daughter Mabel are going to show him around. Shall we plug the guy this evening?"

Frank Strongin sent for half a dazen of his

toughest men and when they were assembled in his private office he spoke to them. "This fellow, Two Gun Tommy, can do any-

"This fellow, Two Gun Tommy, can do anything with a six shooter: If you want to die

quickly, just tangle with him. He comes from a cornivol show and he can wipe you fellows all out before you can go for your guns," Henry Souette had more than ten notches on his six shooter and that didn't include red-

skins. He wasn't afraid of onything. "You gren't going soft, ore you boss?" he questioned as his hand sort of dropped near

his gun. Every eye was on Frank Strongin and the men waited for his answer. It came slowly and

deliberately. "A man can fight with his broin as well as his gun, When the time comes, I'll put that

new sheriff underground myself. But if you think I'm fooling then listen to this offer. 'Two thousand dollars to just twenty cents

of your money that if you go gunning for him, you'll be the dead one."

Henry Souette threw two ten cent pieces on the desk and left the office. He headed down Main Street and the stage coach office, But just now Tommy Turner was listening to welcoming speeches and also looking closer at Mobel Girard.

"If I knew the West had gals like you," said Tommy Turner, "I would have come out here years ago. To think of all the time I have wasted. Now I am shariff so I am going to give you on order. Just be at my side and show me the sights."

Suddenly the crowd of people began to thin out. Joseph Girard grobbed the hand of his daughter and vanked her into the stage coach office.

"A killer is coming down the street to get you," warned the mayor, "Hope you understand why I am going for cover."

Slowly, Henry Souette walked until he was about five feet from the new sheriff. He studied the two our hell offoir and the show-

off outfit worn by the ex-carnivol star. "I give you two minutes to get out of town. Then I go for my gun. If you ore here, you'll just be a dead body."

Those hundred and twenty seconds seemed a long time to Two Gun Tommy but he didn't blink on eye, Henry Souette went for his gun but never mode it. Two Gun Tommy only went for his right gun and it came out blozing. A corpse hit the street. Then Two Gun Tommy shouted to the scored people inside the stage

coach office. "All over now, folks, Next show begins this evening. And soy, Miss Mobel, I want to

talk more to you and your father." They broke the news to Frank Strongin in a very simple way. Two of his boys, Slim Sunders ond Ed Neubert brought in on a board the earthly remains of a once well known killer, "I quess you can keep the twenty cents. boss," remarked Ed Neubert, "But one thing is certain. This new sheriff will kill all of us, So what do we do? I'm going to head for a place I know down the Rio Grande, How about my share of the stuff? You are holding it in the safe." "We gareed to split at the end of the year," reminded Fronk Strongin, "Stoy here

and you get your share. Quit, and you get nothing."

"I'm quitting," snopped back Ed Neubert. "And Slim Sunders is coming with me."

An hour later the new sheriff was in a rother old office when he received a visitor. Two Gun Tommy was gazing into Mabel's eyes

when in walked Frank Strongin. "I got good reason to believe they are going to try to open my safe tonight," said the

crowd leaves. I want you to help me." "Con I come and see the fun?" asked

Mabel. "If you can't." replied the gallont new sheriff, "then I won't protect that safe," It was four in the morning as half a dozen

masked men entered the empty gambling establishment. With drawn guns they entered the room where the safe was located. It was open and nothing inside of it! As they rushed out and up on the balcony, the firm voice of the sheriff gove an order.

"Drop those guns or drop down dead," Three men dropped their guns to the floor The other three tried to shoot but soon left the land of the living, Two Gun Tommy come down the stoirway.

"Unmask," he ordered. And they all saw that one of those men

was none other than the mayor himself, Mobel and her father quickly came down the stairs. And soon Frank Strongin joined him "The mayor was your secret partner," ex-

ploined Two Gun Tommy, "He wanted me to get rid of all of you and that meant he would be alone and get all the loot. I overheard him tell one of the men to warn Frank Strongin. This was going to be samething of a massagre. You see, there ore nine other members of the gong outside. But all tied up. Mr. Girord let me use some of his cowboys and they trapped them. Better talk now. Mr. Strongin, First one who talks gets a better deal from the law,"

The most peoceful town in the West is Larson Creek. The sheriff out there wears a black shirt with peorl buttons. His wife, Mobel, has

but one comment to make to all reporters. "I don't mind a black shirt. It never shows the dirt, and doesn't require much washing. Pardon me I have to go back to the ranch

and take care of our twins," The End









































































































































































































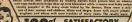




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